

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 392.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

SOME of us in one form—skating, let us say, on rough ice; some in another—running uphill, vainly emulating the goats; and others dashing headlong down the slopes leading to the fathomless abyss below—but all in our own special way pursue that mocking shape we call Happiness—that iridescent phantom hovering before our eyes, close to us, so close that we can almost touch it, and yet keeping just beyond our grasp. We pursue, and for the most part the more vigorous our chase the farther we are from the capture. With happiness, as with sleep, the consciousness of effort destroys its own success. It must come unbidden, stealing softly through the dim pathways of the night, and holding us securely possessed before we know that it is there. All our tumultuous efforts to secure the one or grasp the other fail ignominiously, for both are states, not things, and these states are not to be captured by force, like fortresses or three-deckers. And yet the acquirement of happiness is an art; and an art, perfectness in which is not gained by every one alike.

Some put their faith in Pleasure, and dance along the highway hand in hand with that handsome Mænad whom they call Happiness, at least for the time. Now the two, Pleasure and Happiness, are foster-sisters, but not twins—not identical—like and yet unlike. At first sight and while we are young, perhaps they are indistinguishable the one from the other, but after closer scrutiny how different they are! The eyes of Happiness are soft and bright, and the eyes of Pleasure are hard and glittering; the smile of the one is sweet and tender, and that of the other is often cruel and maybe vacant; the hands of Happiness are cool, and when not purposefully employed are still and quiet, while the hands of Pleasure are burning, dry, and restless. Happiness does not grow old and wrinkled as Pleasure does. Happiness does not live on stimulants and intoxicants, and Pleasure does. Happiness goes afield with

Love and Work, and the companions of Pleasure are Dissipation and Idleness. No; the two are emphatically not the same; but sometimes, as has been said, Pleasure masks herself to look like Happiness, and the purblind call them twins, and the hopelessly blind absolutely one and indivisible. Only when the mask wears thin by time, showing the true face underneath, or when it falls off altogether in the day of sickness or the hour of death, only then do the poor self-made dupes find out their mistake—and then it is too late!

Others make Fame and professional Success their synonyms with happiness, and think if they can get either of these they are safe. But they, too, find they have caught the shadow and lost the substance, and that their frantic rush uphill has landed them midway and not at the top at all. Take Fame, the most glittering of all those simulacra of happiness which hover before us, like foam flung off from the mirage—which is not the living lake—what real happiness does it give? The man set on a pedestal by those who do not know him, understands to the faintest line the falsehood of his presentation, and how it is not he himself, but only something made into a rough-hewn likeness of himself, to which the people intone their hymns of praise and shout aloud their huzzas. Crowned and sceptred as a king, he alone knows the shape of those pointed ears, vibrating under the gold and gems. He, the glorious statue of burnished silver, hides beneath his shining robe the feet of clay which are the measure of his worth. When his worshippers bend before him as the sheaves of corn in Joseph's dream, he may for a moment feel that thrill of pride which makes a man his own God and seems to give him his charter of superiority. But it passes. He is himself; not the finer phantasm he is assumed to be. A thousand variously-coloured lines modify the one uniform tint which is all that outsiders see. He knows all about these subtle modifications, either for good or ill; and the world does not. When he is exalted beyond his merits his own conscience abases

him; when he is reviled beyond his deserving his consciousness of purity of intention supports him. For as little as indiscriminating praise gives him happiness so little does undeserved blame give him true misery. But surely to a man who has any real grit in him none of all this blind adulation brings that loveliness of mental condition we call happiness. To be our own God is but a poor kind of religion; and when we feel superior to the majority, all we can say to ourselves is—What a poor lot that majority must be! From all of which it comes about that the proud man, the vain man, the adulated man, even the successful man, is not necessarily the happy man. He is elated truly; he puffs out his chest; holds his head high; stands with feet far apart, enlarging his base the better to bear his heavy weight of supremacy; but that sweet-voiced, dew-eyed spirit does not stand on his right hand. The winged Victory, Nike, the serving-maid of the gods may; but Nike was not Happiness.

Nor is excitement the *alter ego* of this dear spirit. Excitement is not real happiness, no more than was that handsome Maenad, Pleasure. That restless activity which must be always doing something and going somewhere, confuses thought and destroys the very beginnings of stability, as the rushing north-easter nips off the buds of growing plants. It destroys, too, regret and repining. So far we must confess. No one who is always in a whirlwind can mope and fret any more than he can think or foresee. Those busy bustling philanthropists, for example, who turn the world upside down that they may send out blankets to Central Africa and churns to the poor dear Hindu dairymaids, these know no more what they are doing, and see no more where they are going, than so many blind puppies crawling to the top of the cellar stairs. Perhaps you will say they are happy in their ignorance. No, they are undisturbed in their self-consciousness; which is another thing altogether. If they and all their breezy restless kind are to be called happy, it is as if you should say that an oratorio and a *charivari* are the same things. Both are noises made by instruments; but the one is a noble melody and the other a hideous discord; the one has art, science, knowledge, in its method, with grandeur and beauty as the result, and the other is—a *charivari*. So this tumultuous excitement, this palpitating unrest, this noisy violence of energy and avoidance of dullness, may be the grave of many nappings, but it is none the more happiness—and it is not even permanent.

Are we happy when we go off the line and defy the conventions of that society wherever we have to live? Doubtful. Even love, elsewhere so divine, does not give us the thing we want when it is taken beyond the safe borders and cherished in the salt desert of the Uncovenanted. For figs we gather thistles; and for the juice of grapes we brew our bitter portion from the spurs and the sage bushes, which are the only flowers our arid garden bears. Besides, this kind of thing is always companioned with cruelty. Some one has to bear the scourge of blame, and some one is robbed of a good. And no real happiness exists side by side with any form of selfishness. The undisturbed placidity of selfish enjoyment is not happiness. Satisfied vanity, fulfilled desires, the want of disturbing sym-

pathies, the purring gratification of a warm sleek well-fed cat—all this is not happiness; and those who are the most given up to selfishness know the difference.

Where, then, is the art? What is its name, its nature, its literature, its craft? How can we learn it? How, when learnt, can we practise and ensure it? If in the power of one to acquire, why may we not all be past masters in the art? and why should the heavens re-echo with the cries of the drowning when each living soul has a plank whereon to sit securely and weather out the storm? In a world where treachery, death, disease, and loss are thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, how can we be happy? For is not man born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and are not happiness and sorrow foes to the death? Too true! And yet even in the worst of our chances we can save something from the wreck, and that divine Art of Happiness is never wholly lost. In that dignity of patience under the inevitable, which, whether we call it resignation or philosophy, has always the same power to still those frantic cries, to quiet those futile reproaches, we find the first beginnings of the art, even when apparently we have nothing before us but despair. If the disaster is reparable, we experience some kind of happiness in the brave struggle to mend it. Certainly, there will be none in that cowardice, that supineness, which folds the hands and lets circumstance overcome endeavour. In patience, then, under what we cannot repair nor restore—in energy of endeavour when this can mend matters—the first tender seedlings of happiness, that true Tree of Life, spring up, even under the cold shadow of sorrow, loss, and stress. In unselfishness and love, in activity, and content with what we have—making the best of things—we find the perfected growth.

Those who live for Self live in a barren round—like the Egyptian snake circle, ending where they begin. They get no farther on their way, and they enclose no fertile ground as they go. How should they? What progress—what life is there in selfishness? As much as there is in brooding over a chalk egg and watering a dead stick. But those who have the wisdom to be content with what they have and cannot better, and those who have the generosity to sympathise with others, seize the life of life and compel it to their service. There is no happiness, properly so called, in the indifference of selfishness. Is the dead dull granite boulder happy? The lost child weeps, and the weary wayfarer faints beneath its overshadowing mass, and the granite boulder is unmoved. Is that greater happiness than the good Samaritan knew when he poured oil and wine into the wounded man's gaping sores, and by the fellow-suffering of sympathy helped him out of his strait? What joy equals that of giving joy and bringing solace to the afflicted? Half the exquisite delight of love is in this divine power of giving; and those who feel only the pleasure of receiving, love themselves, truly, but no one else. In fruitful work, too, if not in the coarser wilder excitements of pleasure and general unrest, we find these same seedlings grown now to well-sized saplings. So in independence of thought and action, while keeping clear of that queer country of eccentricity where every one is held to

be bad or stupid who does not live up to that special lot of blue china. So long as we are the slaves of another we cannot be happy. We can give reverence and obedience out of the fullness of our own souls, but that is not the same thing as the slavery of submission—the craven abjectness of fear—the self-dishonouring concordance of snobbery. No man can be happy who has a thousand masters of whom he is afraid—one for one season and the other for another. A soul that burns to say its faithful word in the cause of truth and justice, and that dares not for fear of offending some one in the back parlour—some one in the street—what pain! what humiliation! Can anything be worse?

Again, happiness can exist only with a good conscience. If the past be peopled with spectres of sin and the shapes of shameful deeds hover on the horizon, ever ready to close in upon the miserable sinner, happiness is as far off as sleep to the hag-ridden, restlessly tossing in his bed. But the stainless past ensures the peaceful present, and only then do we meet the day as our friend, feeling glad to be alive, and to have yet our chances and our hopes. To err is human, as we all know; but we err in stages and degrees; and though there do not exist the men or women who could proclaim from the house-top all they have ever done or said, still we are not all beset by those shapes which destroy peace, security, and happiness in one. So, then, in the good old-fashioned virtues, in fruitful activities, in respect for duty and obedience to its laws, in content, in sympathy and love for others, we must all find our happiness—these being in truth the elements of the art.

## DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'  
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

### CHAPTER XXX.—PSYCHE IN AFRICA.

FOR some time after her arrival in Algiers, Psyche seemed to improve a little on the air of Africa. In the first flush of the new Oriental life, her eyes grew stronger for a while, as Dr Godichau had confidently predicted. There was always something fresh to look at that roused for the moment her passing attention. And to have her attention roused was exactly what Psyche now most needed. Even a broken-hearted girl can't be placed for the first time in her life in the midst of that wonderful phantasmagoria of Eastern costume and Eastern manners without being momentarily excited and interested. Psyche wished to see, and she saw accordingly.

The three Vanrenens and Geraldine Maitland accompanied her everywhere on her first walks among those enchanted African hill-sides. From the *pension* itself, to be sure, the sea was invisible; but a few hundred yards along the cactus-bordered lane that leads to Ali Cherif's villa brought them full in sight of that exquisite bay, and the high snow-capped summits of the glistening Djurjuras. With a little cry of surprise, the first time she went there, Psyche stopped for a moment and gazed entranced at the endless variety of that beautiful panorama. Straight below them, on its three rounded peaks, the town of Algiers, with its dazzling white houses, basked and glowed in the full African sunlight. The whole mass

rose up sheer like a series of steps from the water's edge to the mouldering citadel of the Deys that crowns the hill-top. In the antique Arab quarter, each house stood square and flat as a die, white-washed without, though doubtless dirty enough within; and clustering as they did in tiers one above another with their flat roofs, on the steep slope, nothing could be quaint or more artistic in effect than their general outline. All round, the suburbs spread over the ravine-cut hills, each French château, or Moorish villa, or Arab palace, gleaming apart, surrounded by its own green stretch of olive orchard or pine-grove.

To Psyche, all these southern sights were new and surprising. She had never set her foot before beyond the four sea-walls of Britain. The tall cypress hedges, the waving date-palms, the scrubby vineyards, the canes and aloes, which to most of us only recall that familiar Riviera, were novelty itself to the untraveller Petherton girl. The glowing white houses with their green tiles, the mosques and minarets, the domes and cupolas, the arcades and the Arabs, the brown-legged boys and veiled women on the road below, all showed her at once she was indeed in Islam. She sighed profoundly. So this was Africa! This was the land where her painter lay buried.

But it was beautiful, too, undeniably beautiful. She felt as she gazed something of that calm subdued pleasure one might naturally feel in some sweet garden cemetery where one's loved ones slept among bright clustered flowers. The first poignant anguish of disappointment and loss was over now, and a tender regret had grown up in its place which was almost pleasant. Psyche's heart was fading so gently away that she could look with a certain half-terrible joy at that exquisite view over the sweeping blue bay and the clambering white town that ramped and climbed in successive steps from the purple harbour to the green summit of the Sabel.

Gradually, however, during those first few days in Africa, it began to dawn upon Psyche that the Vanrenens were wealthy—enormously wealthy. And gradually, too, as the same idea came home to Haviland Dumaresq's mind, Psyche noticed with a certain little thrill of horror that her father began to make excuses and apologies for Cyrus Vanrenen's brusque American manner. 'The young man's really a good-hearted young fellow,' he said more than once to Psyche, 'though of course uncultured. But I daresay he might be brought into shape after a time. Young men are plastic: remarkably plastic.'

One of those days, as Psyche and Geraldine returned from a country walk, they found Haviland Dumaresq, in his gray morning suit and his rough woollen cap, engaged in examining the Arab wares which a couple of tawny pedlars in turban and burnous had unrolled from their pack and spread on the ground under the open piazza.

The scene was indeed a curiously picturesque one. On one side stood the great European philosopher, tall and erect, with his pointed gray beard and his luminous eyes, the furthest artistic development, as it were, of the Western idea in costume and humanity. On the other hand, lay stretched the two lithe and graceful Orientals, in their flowing robes and not unbecoming dirt, with their oval faces and big melancholy eyes, reclined at their ease on their own Persian rugs,

flung down for sale on the tiled floor of the piazza. All round stood piled in picturesque confusion the quaint bric-à-brac which forms the universal stock-in-trade of all these lazy and romantic old-world packmen. Coarse hand-made pots of red and yellow earthenware; tortoiseshell guitars and goat-skin tambourines; inlaid brass trays, with Arabic inscriptions in silver lettering; naive jewellery, set thick with big beads of bright red coral and lumps of lapis lazuli; swords and daggers of antique make; embroideries rich with silver and gold; pierced brazen lamps stolen from desecrated Tunisian mosques; haiks and burnouses of Tlemçen workmanship. All lay tumbled on the ground in one great glittering mass, and Haviland Dumaresq, with attentive eyes, stood propped against the parapet of the arcaded balustrade and glanced at them hard in philosophic reverie.

'Hello! Pedlars again!' Cyrus Vanrenen exclaimed with boyish glee as he opened the door and came face to face with them. 'They've set up store in the front piazza!—Been making any purchases to-day, Mr Dumaresq? The one-eyed calender there' (for the younger of the Arabs had lost an eye) 'he knows how to charge; he's a rare old rascal.—How much do you want for the ostrich egg, mister? Combien l'œuf, mon ami—comprenez-vous—combien?'

He took the thing up in his hands as he spoke. It was a half-egg richly set as a cup in Kabyle metal-work, and suspended from three graceful silver chains to hang from the ceiling. 'Fifty francs,' the Arab answered in French, showing all his teeth in the regular melancholy Arab smile.

'Here you are, then,' Cyrus said, taking out his purse. 'Tenez; vous voici.—May I offer it to you for a little souvenir, Miss Dumaresq? It'd look real pretty hung down from the gas in the centre of a parlour.'

'Oh, Mr Vanrenen,' Geraldine cried, aghast; 'you oughtn't to pay what they ask, offhand, you know. You'll spoil the market. You should offer them half. You ought to marchander for everything with the Arabs. If you'd marchande'd for that, you'd have got it easily for at least thirty.'

'I guess so,' Cyrus answered with a careless air, handing the egg over to Psyche, who took it half irresolutely. 'But time's money, you see, across our way: a fact which these gentlemen in the bare legs don't seem to catch on at; and twenty francs ain't worth standing and bargaining about in the sun for half an hour.'

'Oh, thank you ever so much,' Psyche said, admiring it. 'Do you really mean I'm to take it, Mr Vanrenen? How very kind of you!—Isn't it lovely, Papa? It'd look just sweet hung up in the recess over the sideboard at Petherton.'

'It is pretty,' her father said, taking it from her with evident embarrassment. 'Extremely pretty in its own curious barbaric way—though, of course, it exhibits the usual extravagant barbaric tendency towards reckless profusion of ornament over the entire field. In the best decorative art, the ornament, instead of being lavished on all parts alike, is concentrated on important constructive features.'

'Oh, you look here, Cyrus,' Corona cried, gazing up at the wall, where the Arabs had

hung an exquisite embroidered satin *portière*. 'Ain't that just lovely? Ain't the colours sweet? Did you ever see anything prettier in your life than that now?'

'And wouldn't it look elegant,' Sirena continued in the same breath, 'hung up in the archway between the drawing-room and the anteroom at Cincinnati?'

Cyrus put his head on one side and eyed it critically. It was indeed a charming piece of old Oriental needlework, torn from the spoils of some far inland mosque. The ground was of dainty old-gold satin; and the embroidery, rich in many tints of silk, was thoroughly Saracenic in type and colouring.

'Combien?' Cyrus asked laconically after a brief pause. His stock of French was remarkable for its scantiness; but he beat it out thin for active service, and made each word do the utmost duty of which it was capable.

'Douze cent francs,' the Arab merchant answered, holding up the fingers of both hands, and then two over, as an aid to comprehension.

'Je vous donne six cent,' Cyrus observed, tentatively, well warmed by Geraldine's superior wisdom.

'C'est à vous, Monsieur. Prenez-le,' the Arab answered as he bowed and shrugged his shoulders with perfect coolness; and Cyrus, pulling out the twenty-four pounds in good French gold, handed it over at once, and seized the *portière*.

'That's for you, Sirena,' he said, laying the thing lightly across his eldest sister's arm. 'You can hang it in the archway when we go back to Amurrica.'

'You're real good, Cyrus,' Sirena answered, kissing him fraternally before the scandalised faces of those disconcerted Arabs. (The conduct of these Frank women is really too abandoned!)

'That's just like Cyrus!' Corona said, laughingly. 'He don't know how to get rid of his dollars fast enough. If he went into the market and took a fancy to a camel, I guess he'd purchase it to take across to Amurrica. Yes, sir; he's a first-rate hand at spending money, Cyrus is. But then, you see, he's a first-rate hand, come to think, at making it.'

'It's easier to make a dollar in Amurrica than a shilling in England,' Cyrus answered apologetically; 'and it's easier to spend it than to spend sixpence. That's what I always say when I come across this side. A man's got to work pretty hard at his spending, hereabouts, or he finds the money accumulate inconveniently in his waistcoat pocket.'

'I've never been inconvenienced in that way myself,' Dumaresq murmured with grim irony.

'No, sir, I reckon you haven't,' Cyrus answered with refreshing American frankness. 'But then you've never put your brains into the business, or you'd have struck it rich. You've been otherwise occupied. You've made what's better than money—fame, reputation, an honoured name in the world's history. Why, I'd rather have written the Encyclopædic Philosophy any day, Mr Dumaresq, than boss the biggest and most successful pork concern in all Cincinnati!'

Haviland Dumaresq shrank into his shoes. Great heavens, what an ideal of earthly success! And yet—the man was evidently rich. Besides, Americans have the plasticity of youth. Young



communities resemble in some respects young individuals. As is the mass, so are the units. There's no knowing what you may not make out of an American, if you catch him young, take him in hand firmly, and expose him consistently for two or three years to the mellowing influence of a fresh environment. Americans have plenty of undeveloped tact: it needs but intercourse with more refined societies to bring that latent faculty visibly to the surface.

### BEAM-TRAWLING.

ONE of the most interesting industries born of the enterprise of recent years is undoubtedly that which reaps the harvest of the sea by means of Beam-trawling. This industry has made wonderful progress in Aberdeen during the past eight years. Then, one small vessel, named the *Toiler*, was purchased by a few merchants and was started to trawl from that port. Its efforts were crowned with success; and to-day over sixty first-rate trawlers bring fish from the best fishing-grounds in the North Sea.

A large quantity of the fish so caught is daily despatched per rail to various parts of the kingdom, and brings a high price in the metropolitan and other southern markets. Especially is this the case with flat-fish, such as turbot, brill, lemon soles, craig flukes (known as whitches), and plaice, which are the especial product of the trawl.

In early days the trawling system met with much opposition; and even yet, in spite of the rapid progress of the trawling industry, many retain an unaccountable prejudice against trawled fish. A few words on the subject may help to remove some of these objections.

To begin with the boats. A steam trawler—to take an example from the most recently-built vessels—is a steel boat, of about one hundred and twenty tons gross register. The dimensions of a vessel of that size would be ninety-five feet in length, twenty feet in breadth, and ten and a half feet in depth. The engine-room would be fitted with a compound condensing engine of fifty horse-power nominal, and would have telegraphic communication with the bridge. There would be ample and comfortable cabin accommodation, cooking-range, and other conveniences. It would also have a fish-room, divided into a number of compartments, known as 'ponds.'

But the great feature of trawl-boats is the 'gear,' as the net and its appendages are called. The newest boats contain two sets of gear, so that if one set meets with an accident, the other is ready for use. The apparatus consists (1) of a huge beam of oak about fifty-four feet in length, supported at either end by upright iron frames called 'trawl-heads' or 'irons;' (2) the net, the upper part of its mouth attached to the beam, the lower part, which drags on the bottom and gathers in the fish, being fastened to the 'ground-rope,' a strong rope over one hundred feet long; and (3) a steel rope, one hundred and fifty feet long,

termed 'the bridles,' attached to each of the trawl-heads, and uniting in the form of a bridle, are fastened to the 'warp,' by which the whole is towed.

The trawl-heads are something like a pear in shape, and move along the bottom of the sea just like a sledge. The beam is attached to the upper side of the trawl-heads, and is thus raised four and a half feet from the ground. It has been alleged that this heavy beam destroys both fish and spawn—that, in fact, it kills more fish than it catches; but it will be seen that this is impossible, seeing it never touches the ground. As the gear moves on after the boat, the ground-rope stirs up the fish, and the current of water raising the 'square' of the net, they swim into the single part or belly. Should they try to escape, and go up into the pockets, the flapper acts as a trap-door and keeps them fast. The best water for trawling in is from twenty to thirty fathoms deep, with a bottom of mud or sand. The gear is secured to the boat by the 'warp,' composed of two hundred fathoms Manila rope and one hundred and eighty fathoms wire-rope.

The trawl-nets differ in size; but one belonging to such a boat as we have described would be about ninety feet in length, with a mesh of two and a half inches square. This net is like a huge jelly-bag with part of the front cut out. It is made of tarred Manila twine.

In addition to the 'square' or single part, there are the 'batings,' which run down to the end of the square, diminishing in size as it goes, to make what may be described as the pointed end of the jelly-bag; the 'belly,' which is made of heavier twine; and the 'wings,' which run down each side, and connect the belly with the top.

To the top of the square are attached the 'beam' and 'trawl heads;' and from the ends of the top of the square, round all the front of the lower part, is the ground-rope. At the extreme point is the 'cod-end.' The inside is divided into compartments called 'pockets,' covered with 'flappers.'

Having got his gear all properly in order, the skipper lays in a stock of coals, ice, water, and provisions, sufficient for several days; and, with his crew of seven or eight men, steams straight for one or other of the fishing-grounds within a reasonable distance, choosing from his chart the one most likely to repay his efforts. It is a fine sight to see the brave little crafts steaming out of the harbour, the skipper at his post on the bridge, the crew—with the exception of the engineers—overhauling the nets, or waving kindly farewells to friends on the pier.

On arriving at the fishing-ground, preparations are made for 'shooting away the gear.' The net is tossed overboard, the beam and trawl heads follow; and as the boat, which had stopped for a little, moves slowly onward, some one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty fathoms of rope are unwound by the steam-winch, in order to allow the trawl freedom of action.

The usual time for allowing the gear to remain down is four hours. Should the trawl get 'fast,' however, as not unfrequently happens when trawling over a rocky bottom, it is hauled up at once.

While the net is down, the vessel moves round in a circle at a moderate rate of speed. During

this period, the crew have their time pretty much at their own disposal; but they must hold themselves in readiness for duty at any hour of the day or night should the gear get damaged. For this reason, they seldom undress, but pull off their sea-boots and 'turn in' for some hours' sleep, often to have to start up after a few minutes. This uncertainty is one of the greatest hardships of trawling life, especially in winter, which season is the trawler's harvest.

At the expiration of four hours, the cry 'Up trawl!' brings the whole crew on deck, to assist in the important work of heaving up the gear. The men don their oilskins; the steam is put on to the winch, and the trawl-rope is slowly wound up. Then the bridle—which are of a V-shape, one end of each meeting at the end of the trawl-rope or warp, to which they are attached, and the other ends being fastened to each end of the beam—make their appearance.

The beam and trawl-heads next come to the edge of the boat, to which they are securely fastened. The single part of the net is then hauled up by hand; and a final effort of the winch and derrick brings the cod-end containing the fish high above the deck, looking more like a full jelly-bag than ever. The rope at the bottom is untied, and down the fish fall on the deck, all alive, and in splendid condition. The gear is then 'shot away,' and all hands are presently busily employed in storing the fish. The turbot and other large fish are bled by cutting the main artery, and the haddocks, &c., gutted. Those requiring cleansing from sand or slime are washed in a trough of sea-water, and the whole 'shot' is then handed down to the fish-room, and placed in the ponds between layers of ice, covered with deals, there to remain till the market is reached.

By this mode of treatment the outer air is completely excluded, and the cold air from the ice keeps the fish cool, fresh, and firm. Besides the edible fish, various curios are brought up by the trawl, such as jelly-fish, cuttle-fish, star-fish, sea-hedgehogs, sea-snails, and rare and beautiful seaweed. The trawlers also bring up large quantities of dog-fish, and monks or fishing-frogs, which devour enormous quantities of spawn and fish. These monsters are seldom caught by the lines. By catching so many tons of these creatures, the trawlers render good service to line and herring fishermen.

The theory, once so popular, that trawling destroyed the spawn of fish is now quite exploded. Special inquiries were made; and the result was that, according to the scientists engaged in these investigations, it was found that most spawn floats and vivifies near the surface. Moreover, the supposed spawn brought up by the trawl was proved to be nothing but gelatinous inhabitants of the sea.

After the marketable fish are disposed of, the refuse is shovelled overboard, and the decks are then scrubbed with an abundance of sea-water, pumped up by the donkey-engine. This process of shooting away the gear, heaving it up again at the hour's end, or sooner if necessary, storing the fish, scrubbing the decks, and of course mending the nets when they get torn, which constitutes the routine of trawling life at sea, is repeated till the skipper considers he has enough of fish to clear the ship's expenses and remun-

erate himself and his crew for their arduous labour. When the last haul is brought on board, the order, 'Full speed ahead,' is given; and the trim craft is soon dashing through the waves 'homeward bound.'

On reaching the Fish-market wharf, the fish are discharged in baskets, swung on shore by the derrick, and laid in rows, or placed in boxes on the concrete floor of the market, to await the daily sales. It ought to be noted that the boats invariably arrive in the morning to catch these sales, which last from eight to ten or eleven, according to the supply of fish.

The ringing of a bell announces that a sale is about to commence. Fishermen and women, curers, clerks, and others interested, gather round the salesman, who, with wonderful despatch, disposes of hundredweight after hundredweight to the wholesale buyers. Large quantities of the best are packed in ice and sent off at once by rail; and the rest are carted to the fish-shops, or retailed in the streets by the hawkers. When they are all disposed of, a deluge of water, turned on by a hose, renders the floor clean and sweet for the following day's sales.

The trawlers meanwhile have moved off to the loading jetty, to lay in stores before again proceeding to sea.

A word as to their food must close our sketch. Each boat carries a first-rate cook, and the daily bill of fare is substantial and varied. That it should be so is a necessity of trawling life. The work is arduous, and the exposure to all sorts of weather great. Strict temperance is the rule on all the Aberdeen boats—in fact, the use of spirituous liquors is prohibited by the owners. Coffee or tea is supplied at the end of every four hours, accompanied by fried fish or some such solid; and dinner, as a rule, consists of three courses—soup, meat, and pudding or tart.

Trawl fishers are a brave, kindly class of men, who toil hard, year in, year out, to win daily bread for themselves, their wives and families, and also to supply cheap and wholesome food for the people. Their pleasures are few, for life at sea is monotonous, especially in their line of life; but their spirits are light amid all their hardships, and they are always ready to give a hearty welcome on board their boats to those who take an interest in their work and desire to penetrate its mysteries. Trawlers, as has been already hinted, are paid by results.

On some of the boats, after the ship's expenses are cleared, half of the profits are divided amongst the crew, the skipper of course and the first-fisherman getting the largest share, and so on downwards. A year's pay among a crew of eight men would amount to something like a thousand a year. If a boat brings in fish to the value of from three to four thousand a year, it is considered to be doing well. Of course it may exceed this figure by a large sum. The skipper is often a shareholder in his own or other boats, which of course increases his income proportionately.

Two kinds of ice are used in the fish-trade, Norwegian and manufactured. A company for the preparation of the latter already exists in Aberdeen, and another is being formed.

It may be interesting to state that, according to statistics obtained from the Fishery Office,

the amount of trawl-fish brought to Aberdeen for the year ending 31st December 1890 was 172,175 hundredweight, the value of which was £135,047.

## THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

By LYDIA M. WOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE London season was over; the last At Homes and dances were quickly becoming things of the past; and the fashionable world was preparing for its usual flight to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Already the ranks of youth, wealth, and beauty, which had thronged the Park during the hot June days, had thinned considerably; blinds were drawn down in a good many mansions; and a general air of deserted loneliness pervaded the streets as you turned west. In short, Town—that paradise of the wealthy and high-born—was getting positively unbearable. So at least it appeared to Humphrey Standish, as he gazed idly out of the window of his mother's drawing-room in Wilton Street, looking and feeling decidedly bored by the general uninterestingness of everything. He was a tall handsome fellow, of about seven or eight and twenty, possessed of an ordinary supply of brains, and enough money to enable him to live very comfortably without the least exertion on his part—a fact which his relations were wont to deplore, being old-fashioned enough to prefer a young man with some object in life. Object, so far, he had none, except to make himself generally agreeable, and occasionally 'dabbling' in a dilettante fashion in Art. On these occasions he invariably assumed a velvetene coat of extraordinary cut, and ruffled his hair till it stood on end like a furze-bush, as is the wont of amateurs of a certain class.

To-day, however, the garb of Art had been laid aside, probably on account of the heat; and he looked a very modern young man indeed, as he stood there in the bright sunshine, his brow somewhat puckered up, as if he were endeavouring to solve some hard problem. And so he was—the problem of where to go for the month of August. His mother, a gentle sweet-faced woman, who loved and trusted her tall son entirely, knowing more than others did of the sterling qualities which underlay his apparent indolent good-nature, had left it to him to decide their destination; and the decision was a difficult one. Of course there was always the shooting to fall back on; but he did not particularly care for that just then; besides, he preferred going by himself in September. His mother had suggested a trip abroad; but that was slow. They had been so often; and it required such a fearful amount of exertion to speak those abominable jargons. No, no; France for the French, and England for the English, was his motto.

Suddenly a light broke across his face, and turning to his mother, who was reading on the sofa, he cried joyously: 'I know what we will do, mother! I've just thought of it.'

Mrs Standish laid down her book and looked up inquiringly. 'Have you, dear?' she said. 'What is it, then?'

'Why, you remember that little village Sanfield was talking about the other day, on the north coast somewhere, you know—well, it's just struck me that that would be the very place for us—nice and quiet, and lots of fishing and boating, to say nothing of sketching.—What do you think? Shall we go there?'

'It would be the very place, if you don't think you would find it dull without any companions but your stupid old mother. Nay'—laughingly, as Humphrey was about to speak—'I know what you would say; but all the same, I know that I, or indeed any elderly woman, would not be very lively company for a young man like you. However, of course, if you don't think you will find it stupid, I shall be only too glad to go there, instead of to Scarborough or Spa or any of those dreadfully crowded places. And perhaps, after all, we may meet some very nice people there; one can never tell.'

And so the great problem was settled; and the next week saw the little house in Wilton Street shrouded in a death-like stillness, like its neighbours; and the few people who still remained in town told each other, not without secret feelings of envy, that 'the Standishes had gone off to bury themselves in some nameless out-of-the-way little fishing village,' instead of following the tide of fashionable folks who were bent on repeating in a different way the various successes and struggles after Pleasure which they had been sustaining during the past season.

But Mark's Cove—in appearance, at least—amply compensated for any longing they might privately have had after more civilised society. Situated as it was on one of the wildest parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, surrounded on three sides by ranges of hills, backed by distant rims of purple mountains, and on the fourth lying exposed to the restless expanse of open sea with its ever-varying features of storm and sun—the little town, with its quaint ruggedly-built houses and straggling by-streets, was indeed a gem from an artistic point of view, and both Humphrey and his mother were delighted.

'That fellow Sanfield knows what's what,' the former would cry enthusiastically as he rowed his mother gently up and down the bay in the bright afternoon sun, 'or he would never have recommended this place. The only wonder is more people don't find out about it and come.'

But no one seemed to know about it, or else considered it beneath their notice, for their

landlady said that 'gentlefolks wasna just very plentiful thereabouts, at least they hadna been in her time;' and it certainly seemed true, for they had been there over a fortnight without seeing any one of their own class, except an occasional tourist who passed through on his way farther north.

It was therefore with no small surprise and excitement that one evening, as they were sitting down to supper, they saw a cab laden with luggage draw up in front of a small house on the opposite side of the way. Regardless of *les convenances*, Humphrey jumped up and went to the window just in time to see two figures—one an elderly lady, well muffled up, and the other a young girl, in a long gray cloak and close-fitting little cap—enter the house-door. They were followed by a third, evidently a maid, who was superintending the disposal of the luggage.

'I declare I'm not sorry some one has come to share our solitude!' he cried as he returned to the tea-table. 'I only hope they are nice. The girl looked rather jolly, as much of her as I could see in the uncertain light; but the old lady seemed rather forbidding.'

'Well, we are sure to see them soon to speak to, and then you can judge more correctly;' and Mrs Standish drew back the curtain as she spoke and looked in her turn across the dusky street. But all was still again. The cab had turned away round the corner, the green door of the house opposite was closed as firmly as ever, and save for a fresh light in the front window, everything looked as before.

The next morning Humphrey was up betimes. He had arranged to go out fishing that morning with his landlord's son; and the two swallowed a hasty breakfast and were away on the calm sunlit water long before the blinds in the opposite house were drawn up. It was a splendid morning; and the little craft, rowed by the four stout arms, danced along as if she had been alive; and it was not long before they reached their accustomed fishing-ground, where, dropping their anchor, they let down their lines. Fishing, as all who have tried it know, is terribly engrossing work, especially when you make anything like a good catch; and it was eleven o'clock before either of the young men thought of turning. Then Humphrey, looking at his watch, suddenly recollected that he had promised to take his mother out for a short row that morning; and hastily pulling in their tackle, he and his companion made swiftly for the shore.

There, on the narrow strip of shingly beach upon which the boats were moored, sat his mother, and by her side the elderly lady whose advent the previous evening had caused such excitement. The girl was standing some little way off with her back towards them. As he leaped out of the boat, tossing the fish into a shining heap upon the beach out of reach of the waves, Mrs Standish called to him. 'Humphrey, come here; I want to introduce you to a very old friend. This is Miss Marchmont, who used to be a school-fellow of mine.—Amelia, this is my son Humphrey.'

The young man bowed politely, apologising as he did so for not shaking hands. 'That fishing is such awfully dirty work, you know,' he said, smiling.

He was just turning away, when Miss Marchmont said kindly: 'Allow me to introduce you to my niece.—Avice, dear, this is another acquaintance for you.'

The girl thus suddenly addressed turned sharply round, showing one of the most lovely faces Humphrey had ever seen, crowned by masses of wavy hair of the intensest black. Her complexion was perfectly dark, like that of a Spaniard, and the eyes which glanced up at him with a smile of greeting were half hidden by their thick veil of curly dark lashes. The eyes themselves, strange to say, were of a dark blue.

'I am very glad to make another acquaintance,' she said, as she extended a dainty little hand, which Humphrey had much difficulty in refraining from accepting, 'for I certainly thought we were the only people here, until we met your mother.' Then catching sight of the silvery pile of fish at her feet, she cried joyously: 'Oh, how delicious! You fish, do you?—Oh auntie, do let me go too. I love fishing.'

'Really, my dear,' expostulated Miss Marchmont with a comical sigh, 'you should not get so excited. Supposing Mr Standish did not wish to take you, what a very awkward position you would place him in!'

A slight flush tinged the pure olive cheek, and she was looking up with an expression of penitence, when something in the intense amusement depicted on Humphrey's face struck her, and instead she went off into peals of light girlish laughter.

The young man laughed too, and murmuring something about being 'most happy,' disappeared up the beach.

Thenceforward the days passed very quickly, and the new-comers had been at Mark's Cove a whole week before they had half realised that they had been there two days. It was now the second week in August, for the Standishes had left town the third week in July, and the weather was perfectly glorious.

'I never knew such weather before,' said Humphrey one day as he and Avice sat sketching and chatting on the top of one of the braes. 'You must have brought it with you; for I'm sure it was not half so fine before you came.'

'It has certainly been splendid,' she replied, throwing down her paint-brush in despair of ever catching the peculiar tints of sea and sky—'too splendid to last, I'm afraid. And then we've been having such a delicious time of it, boating and fishing and all that, and do you know it makes me half uncomfortable.'

'Uncomfortable!' echoed Humphrey, bending his head critically to one side, as if to scrutinise his own drawing, but in reality to catch a glimpse of his companion's—'uncomfortable! Why?'

'Well, I don't quite know,' Avice returned, half shyly, 'except that when one has been having an extra good time of it, it always seems as if some misfortune were sure to follow it—by way of balance, as it were.—Don't you ever think that?'



'The only evil which I see imminently impending,' said Humphrey, 'is the danger of your rolling neatly over the top of the cliff into the water below; and to avoid that catastrophe I should advise you to come a little more inland. It will be safer at least, if less romantic.'

But his warning came too late. Turning round sharply at his words, Avice insensibly advanced nearer the edge, and the next instant she was over.

'My God!' burst involuntarily from Humphrey's white lips as he rushed forward to the spot where she had disappeared—'How shall I save her?' As he uttered these words, he looked down the dizzy height, and saw the girl's slight form hanging as it were betwixt sea and sky, her progress arrested, for the time at least, by a bush of yellow furze.

'Avice!' he cried, steadying his voice with difficulty for fear of alarming her, 'do you think you can hold on till I come?' But there was no reply, only the murmuring splash of the cruel waves below as they lashed themselves angrily upon the rocks and beat high against the foot of the cliff, as if hungry for their prey.

Humphrey set his teeth firmly together and prepared to descend the steep side of the cliff. A sickening dread seized his heart as he did so. Suppose he was too late—suppose she were dead? He dared not stop to think; but began slowly, carefully descending, catching for support at anything which came in his way, and knowing well that one false step would hurl him down, too, on to that terrible mass of wave-worn rocks below. At last, after minutes of wary clambering, which in point of extent seemed to him like years, he reached the bush with its precious burden. Steadying himself carefully with one foot on a firm ledge of grass-grown rock, and the other leg bent into a kneeling position, he leant forward and endeavoured to raise her. Slowly, painfully, for she hung like a leaden weight in his arms, he managed at last to get hold of her, and then commenced the return journey. If the descent had been dangerous, the ascent was still more so, especially to one laden as he was with a human burden, and every moment he seemed to feel his foot slipping backwards, and terrible visions of their joint fate in such a case rose before his mind.

How he managed the climb he never could remember; but at last he stood once more on the breezy hill-top, the scent of the salt water mingled with the fainter one of wild thyme blowing round him, and the bright August sunlight gleaming over the white unconscious form at his feet.

That she was merely unconscious, and not dead, he had perceived when he first touched her as she hung from the golden thorn-bush; and now kneeling down by her side he chafed her cold hands in his strong warm ones and sprinkled the water in her little tin painting-can over her white face, until at last the heavy lashes were raised and the eyes below gazed wonderingly up into his face.

'What is it?' she murmured, half raising herself on her elbow. 'Why do you look so frightened, and why does my head feel so queer?'

'You have had a bad fall, Miss Marchmont,

and must keep quiet,' replied Humphrey. 'Thank Heaven! it is nothing more,' he added in a lower tone, thinking again of the awful sight he had witnessed.

'Let me see. I fell, didn't I?' she inquired, looking up into his face. 'Oh yes; I remember now. I went down, down, ever so far, until at last all became dark, and I remember nothing more until I saw you standing by me and felt all the water trickling down my neck.' And sitting up, she tried to dry her face and neck with her handkerchief.

Thankful to find her so little the worse for her adventure, Humphrey helped her as best he could; and then, rolling his coat up in the form of a bolster, bade her lie still while he collected their joint materials and made them ready to take home.

'It is very funny, you know, that I should just have happened to roll off the cliff at the time when I was prophesying some misfortune,' remarked Avice, as at length they turned their steps homeward again. 'I little thought my words would have such a swift fulfilment.'

'The moral thereof is, don't prophesy evil, and especially not on the edge of a cliff. At anyrate, please don't do so in my company. You don't know what a fright you gave me.'

Miss Marchmont was naturally a good deal alarmed by the account of what had happened, and surveyed Avice critically from head to foot through her gold-rimmed spectacles to make sure that no bones had been broken.

It was with difficulty that they could persuade her not to put an entire veto on all rambles of any sort from that day forward; and before Humphrey retired across the road, she had succeeded in impressing him very strongly with a sense of his utter unworthiness—in her eyes at least—to escort Avice into dangerous places.

One thing more that day's work had done for Humphrey Standish—it had revealed to him the state of his feelings towards Avice Sacharty. Hitherto, he had not thought of her otherwise than as a friend—a very dear one, but still merely a friend, a girl with whom he had associated on much the same terms as he did with the other girls with whom he was thrown in contact. Henceforth, he must regard her as the woman of his choice, a woman to be wooed earnestly and won at any cost, one whose slightest wish was more to him than any law yet framed—in short, Humphrey Standish was in love. The feeling was a novel one, for he was not one of those youths who have a fresh amour every month. He had never cared much for the girls he had met in society. They were all very well to talk to, very bright and lively, some of them—clever even, often enough; but there was a something lacking about them—a want of that which goes to make up true conjugal happiness—an unreality and sham which were totally foreign to his nature, and from which he instinctively recoiled.

Avice Sacharty had none of this. Living as she had done almost all her life in the seclusion of the country, mixing only in moderation in the county society, there was a freshness and true enthusiasm about her which, unfortunately, seem now to be becoming rarer every day. And then, thrown as she and Humphrey had been so entirely

on one another's society, their natures had gone out towards each other as they could never have done under any other circumstances; so that it was small wonder that, insensibly and, as it were, in spite of himself, the young man should have grown to regard his companion with feelings warmer than those of mere friendship or admiration.

### SOMETHING ABOUT EARTHWORMS.

By F. E. BEDDARD, M.A., Prosecutor of the Zoological Society of London.

THE earthworm is an animal which has not received that attention from zoologists which it deserves, in spite of the fact that its habits and structure formed the last of that magnificent series of volumes with which Darwin enriched scientific literature. And it has not only been neglected by naturalists, but has incurred the bitter enmity of gardeners and farmers. It is true that the gardener has some reason for his dislike, when he sees his carefully-rolled walks and smooth lawns rendered unsightly by the heaps of earth with which the worm diligently covers them. But the farmer has no business to complain, for not only do earthworms form a large part of the food of many birds, which would perhaps in their absence direct their attention more closely to his crops and fruit-trees, but they are of positive advantage in loosening the soil, and so making passages for the rain to trickle down to the lowest roots. More than a hundred years ago Gilbert White devoted one of his letters to the subject of earthworms, and defended them from the accusation of uselessness and injuriousness in the economy of Nature, remarking further, and so to a certain extent anticipating Darwin, that they are often responsible for the formation of new soils.

In this country the earthworm is perhaps the most abundant animal of any size; it would be difficult not to meet with worms by digging in almost any locality; and yet it is one of the most persecuted creatures that breathe. Not only do birds hunt it unceasingly; but the gardener, armed with a watering-pot and solution of corrosive sublimate, slays his tens of thousands. When they seek for refuge deep down in the soil, they are pursued by moles; centipedes and various insects attack them; and, in fact, every one's hand is against them. But, in spite of this general hostility on the part of animate creation, they thrive and multiply. The first and principal reason for this is their great fertility; and the second is their great power of recovery after accidents which would rapidly terminate the existence of more highly-organised creatures. An earthworm can lose a considerable portion of itself without suffering, apparently, even temporary inconvenience; and indeed some of the fresh-water annelids, which are near relations of the earthworm, voluntarily divide themselves into several pieces, each of which becomes a new worm.

A slight acquaintance with the anatomy of an earthworm enables us to understand why this should be the case. The body is divided into a number of rings, or 'segments,' as they are more generally termed; and the internal organs, instead of being distributed among the segments, are for the most part repeated from segment to segment. It follows, therefore, that when the gardener's spade shears off several inches of a worm, the animal is not deprived of one or more essential organs, but only of a less or greater number of parts of these organs. Spalanzani was the first naturalist who made—about two hundred years ago—experiments of this kind, which proved, as a subsequent writer pointed out, that 'by a strange paradox in nature, the most useless and contemptible lives are, of all others, extinguished with the greatest difficulty.'

In addition to these advantages in its construction, the earthworm has a certain amount of cunning, which must enable it to escape some foes. On mild wet evenings, innumerable worms may be seen lying out with the ends of their tails fixed in their burrows; on the slightest alarm they rapidly retire underground. It is a remarkable fact that in two kinds of earthworms, inhabitants of the New World, the little bristles, which are the locomotive appendages, are greatly enlarged in the tail segments. In one of these, which I have described under the name of *Diacheta Windlei*, the bristles in question are enormously enlarged and of a hook-like form, so that the creature must be able to retain a very firm grip upon the soil. These facts are surprising, as an earthworm is perhaps an animal in which we should not expect much manifestation of intellect; but, on the other hand, Mr Romanes' discoveries about the intellectual possibilities of 'Sally' the chimpanzee may be regarded as having moved the whole animal creation up a peg or two in mental calibre.

Besides the active enemies which are continually seeking to destroy earthworms, though apparently with comparatively little effect, these animals have a habit of seeking destruction on their own account, which looks very like a determined effort at suicide. On any wet morning the shallow puddles in the roadways and elsewhere are often occupied by the dead bodies of worms, or by individuals at their last gasp. Have these worms voluntarily sought a watery grave? Or do they represent, as Darwin thought, merely the sickly and dying individuals which have been washed out of their burrows by the rain? Darwin's explanation is probably partly true; but it is also credible that the heating of the puddles by the sun's rays has something to do with the great mortality of the annelids. Cold fresh water seems to be practically harmless, though salt water is rapidly fatal to earthworms. M. Perrier, a French naturalist, who has paid great attention to the group, kept various species submerged in water for months uninjured; and in this country there is one species, and another in the Falkland Islands, which commonly passes its entire life or a great portion of it in streams and pools. The name earthworm is therefore somewhat misleading when applied to these forms,

which have, however, no particular relation to the normally aquatic allies of earthworms.

There is one species of earthworm in Great Britain, known to fishermen as the 'brandling,' which has a peculiar means of defence that does not appear to be at all common in the group. The brandling is very dark brown, with yellowish bands, and when irritated, it can exude a yellowish fluid. This worm seems to be acceptable enough to certain fishes; but the truth of the proverb, 'One man's meat is another man's poison,' is illustrated by the fact that it is not palatable to lizards. I have been informed that they either reject it with disgust, or, if they do taste it, are rewarded for their indiscretion by severe fits of illness. Now, this is a very curious fact; but it is paralleled elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Many brightly-coloured animals—particularly among insects—have been found to be either disagreeable in their taste or positively dangerous to other animals which habitually feed upon their like. And it is noteworthy that these unpalatable creatures have often the most markedly contrasted colours—that is, black and yellow; for example, the wasp and the hornet, the coral snake and the heloderm lizard (the Gila Monster). The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colours have been developed in order to advertise their dangerous nature, or the unpalatable qualities of their flesh; so that they may escape such injuries as might be inflicted by an animal desirous of experimenting upon them as articles of food. This 'warning coloration' seems to say to the would-be aggressor: 'Don't touch me; I'm poisonous.' It confers a benefit at once upon the oppressor and the oppressed; rendering the one free from attacks, and warning the other that such attacks will probably be followed by serious consequences. It looks very much as if the brandling was another example of this same phenomenon.

A very important fact in the economy of earthworms is their susceptibility to salt water; they are for the most part soon killed by an immersion in salt water, and it appears that their eggs are also incapable of withstanding its influence for a prolonged period. However, the eggs are not deposited singly, but are enclosed in large numbers in an egg case of a leathery consistence, which may be, for a time at least, impermeable to sea-water. It is therefore just conceivable that the cocoons might cross in safety a narrow sea enclosed in a ball of earth upon the roots of a floating tree. But it seems certain that a very long time does not elapse before the eggs in the cocoon are fatally injured by the sea-water. The only exception at present known is an earthworm which is found in heaps of cast-up seaweed on the sea-shores of the Mediterranean and North Sea.

These facts are important, because they show that if we find the same species of earthworm in two countries now separated by the sea, there must have been originally a continuity of land; hence their value in relation to the problems of geology, which are rendered clearer by the geographical distribution of animals. A striking instance of this is shown by comparing the earthworms of Europe and North America; by far the greater number of forms are common to the two continents; and geologists teach us that the

American and Asiatic land-masses have probably only been separated in recent times. A bridge of land once occupied the space where now Behring Strait is, and this enabled the land inhabitants of both countries to commingle. Although the importance of the group from this point of view seems to be obvious, it is curious that it has never been touched upon in textbooks which deal with the subject of geographical distribution. This is perhaps partly due to the uncertainty of the data, which results from 'man's interference.' Man has exercised, in some respects, a very injurious influence upon the fauna and flora of the world; the introduction of domestic animals has helped to destroy the indigenous inhabitants in many parts of the globe, particularly in oceanic islands; and the traffic between different countries has mixed up their respective faunas and floras in a way which is heartbreaking to the naturalist. And in no group of animals has this been more felt than in that with which we are at present concerned; the introduction of plants has led to the accidental introduction of earthworms and such small fry. These cases, however, can generally be sifted out; and when we find in New Zealand four or five species which are characteristic of Europe and America, along with a number of others which appear to be confined to those islands, we are fairly justified in assuming that the former have been introduced through man's agency.

But after allowing for these instances, there are other problems of difficulty which await solution. Kerguelen and Marion Islands are 'oceanic islands'—that is, they are not fragments of previously existing continents, but originated *de novo* by volcanic agency. Although they are of old standing, it is very mysterious why there should occur on both of them the same species of earthworm, which has been named (by Professor Lankester) *Acanthodrilus Kerguelensis*. This form is, so far as we know, confined to those islands; but how did it get there, and from where? The floating-tree hypothesis will not do, for the reasons already stated. And it hardly seems likely that there was ever a brisk trade between South Africa—the nearest place where the genus occurs—and these islands in flower-roots!

### THE BURGLAR'S GHOST.

I AM not an imaginative man, and no one who knows me can say that I have ever indulged in sentimental ideas upon any subject. I am rather predisposed, in fact, to look at everything from a purely practical standpoint, and this quality has been further developed in me by the fact that for twenty years I have been an active member of the detective police force at Westford, a large town in one of our most important manufacturing districts. A policeman, as most people will readily believe, has to deal with so much practical life that he has small opportunity for developing other than practical qualities, and he is more apt to believe in tangible things than in ideas of a somewhat superstitious nature. However, I was once under the firm conviction that I had been largely helped up the ladder of life

by the ghost of a once well-known burglar. I have told the story to many, and have heard it commented upon in various fashions. Whether the comments were satirical or practical, it made no difference to me; I had a firm faith at that time in the truth of my tale.

Eighteen years ago I was a plain-clothes officer at Westford. I was then twenty-three years of age, and very anxious about two matters. First and foremost, I desired promotion; second, I wished to be married. Of course I was more eager about the second than the first, because my sweetheart, Alice Moore, was one of the prettiest and cleverest girls in the town; but I put promotion first for the simple reason that with me promotion must come before marriage. Knowing this, I was always on the lookout for a chance of distinguishing myself, and I paid such attention to my duties that my superiors began to notice me, and foretold a successful career for me in the future.

One evening in the last week of September 1873, I was sitting in my lodgings wondering what I could do to earn the promotion which I so earnestly wished for. Things were quiet just then in Westford, and I am afraid I half-wished that something dreadful might occur if only I could have a share in it. I was pursuing this train of thought when I suddenly heard a voice say: 'Good-evening, officer.'

I turned sharply round. It was almost dusk, and my lamp was not lighted. For all that, I could see, clearly enough, a man who was sitting by a chest of drawers that stood between the door and the window. His chair stood between the drawers and the door, and I concluded that he had quietly entered my room and seated himself before addressing me.

'Good-evening,' I replied. 'I didn't hear you come in.'

He laughed when I said that—a low, chuckling, rather sly laugh. 'No,' he said; 'I desay not, officer. I'm a very quiet sort of person. You might say, in fact—noiseless. Just so.'

I looked at him narrowly, feeling considerably surprised and astonished at his presence. He was a thickly-built man, with a square face and heavy chin. His nose was small but aggressive; his eyes were little and overshadowed by heavy eyebrows; I could see them twinkle when he spoke. As for his dress it was in keeping with his face. He wore a rough suit of woollen or frieze; a thick, gaily-coloured Belcher neckerchief encircled his bull-like throat; and in his big hands he continually twirled and twisted a fur cap, made apparently out of the skin of some favourite dog. As he sat there smiling at me and saying nothing, it made me feel uncomfortable.

'What do you want with me?' I asked.

'Just a little matter o' business,' he answered.

'You should have gone to the office,' I said.

'We're not supposed to do business at home.'

'Right you are, guv'nor,' he replied. 'But I wanted to see you. It's you that's got to do my job. If I'd ha' seen the superintendent, he might ha' put somebody else on to it. That wouldn't ha' suited me. You see, officer, you're young, and nat'rally eager-like for promotion. Eh?'

'What is it you want?' I inquired again.

'Ain't you eager to be promoted?' he reiterated. 'Ain't you, now, officer?'

I saw no reason why I should conceal the fact, even from this strange visitor. I admitted that I was eager for promotion.

'Ah!' he said with a satisfied smile; 'I'm glad o' that. It'll make you all the keener. —Now, officer, you listen to me. I'm a-goin' to put you on to a nice little job. Ah! I desay you'll be a sergeant before long, you will. You'll be complimented and praised for your clever conduct in this 'ere affair. Mark my words if you ain't.'

'Out with it,' I said, fancying I saw through the man's meaning. 'You're going to split on some of your pals, I suppose, and you'll want a reward?'

He shook his head. 'A reward,' he said, 'wouldn't be no use to me at all—no, not if it was a thousand pound. No; it ain't nothing to do with reward.—But now, officer, did you ever hear of Light-toed Jim?'

Light-toed Jim! I should have been a poor detective if I had not. Why, the man known under that sobriquet was one of the cleverest burglars and thieves in England, and had enjoyed such a famous career that his name was a household word. At that moment there was an additional interest attached to him. He had been convicted of burglary at the Northminster Assizes in 1871, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. After serving nearly two years of his time, he had escaped from Portland, getting away in such clever fashion that he had never been heard of since. Where he was no one could say; but lately there had been a strong suspicion amongst the police that Light-toed Jim was at his old tricks again.

'Light-toed Jim!' I repeated. 'I should think so. Why, what do you know about him?'

He smiled and nodded his head. 'Light-toed Jim,' said he, 'is in Westford at this 'ere hidden moment.—Listen to me, officer. Light-toed Jim is a-goin' to crack a crib to-night. Said crib is the mansion of Miss Singleton, that 'ere rich old lady as lives out on the Mapleton Road. You know her—awfully rich, with nought but women-servants and animals about the place. There's some very valuable plate there. That's what Light-toed Jim's after. He'll get in through the scullery window about one a.m.; then he'll pass through the back and front kitchens and into the butler's pantry—only it's a butleress, 'cos there ain't no men at all—and there he'll set to work on the safe. Some of his late pals in Portland give him the tip about this 'ere job.'

'How did you come to hear of it?' I asked.

'Never mind, guv'nor. You wouldn't understand. Now, I wants you to be up there to-night, and to nab Light-toed Jim red-handed, so to speak. It'll mean promotion for you, and it'll suit me down to the ground. You wants to be about and to watch him enter. Then follow him, and dog him. And be armed, officer, for Jim'll fight like a tiger if you don't draw his teeth first.'

'Now, look here, my man,' said I. 'This is all very well; but it's very irregular. You must just tell me who you are, and how you



come to be in Light-toed Jim's secrets, and I'll put it down in black and white.'

I turned away from him to get my writing materials. I was not a half-minute with my back to him, but when I turned round he was gone! The door was shut, but I had heard no sound from it either opening or shutting. Quick as thought I darted to it, tore it wide open, and looked down the narrow staircase. There was no one there. I ran hastily down-stairs into the passage, and found my landlady, Mrs Marriner, standing at the open door with a female friend. 'Mrs Marriner,' I said, breaking in upon their conversation, 'which way did that man go who came down-stairs just now?'

Mrs Marriner looked at me strangely. 'There ain't been no man come down-stairs, Mr Parker,' said she—'leastways, not this good three-quarters of an hour, which me and Missis Higgins 'ere, as 'ave come out to take an airing, her having been ironing all this blessed day, 'as been standin' here all the time and ain't never seen a soul.'

'Nonsense!' I said. 'A man came down from my room just now—the man you sent up twenty minutes since.'

Mrs Marriner looked at me with an expression betokening the most profound astonishment. Mrs Higgins sighed deeply.

'Mr Parker,' said Mrs Marriner, 'sorry am I to say it, sir, but you're either intoxicated or else you're a-sickening for brain fever, sir. There ain't no person entered this door, in or out, for nigh on to an hour, as me and Missis Higgins 'ere will take our Bible oaths on.'

I went up-stairs and looked in the rooms on either side of mine. The man was not there. I looked under my bed, and of course he was not there. He must have gone down-stairs. But then the women must have seen him. There was only one door to the house. I gave it up in despair, and began to smoke my pipe. By the time I had drawn the last whiff I had decided that if any one was 'intoxicated,' it was probably Mrs Marriner and Mrs Higgins, and that my strange visitor had departed by the door. I was not going to believe that he had anything supernatural about him.

I had no duty that night; and as the hours wore on I found myself stern in my resolve to go up to Miss Singleton's house and see what I could make out of my informant's story. It was my opinion that my late visitor was a whilom 'pal' of Light-toed Jim's, and that having become aware of the latter's plot, he had, for some reason of his own, decided to split on his old chum. Thieves' disagreement is an honest man's opportunity, and I determined to solve the truth of the story told me. Lest it should come to nothing, I decided not to report the matter to my chief. If I could really capture Light-toed Jim, my success would be all the more brilliant by being suddenly sprung upon the authorities.

I made my plan of action rapidly. I took a revolver with me, and went up to Miss Singleton's house. Fortunately, I knew the housekeeper there—a middle-aged, strong-minded woman, not easily frightened, which was a good thing. To her I communicated such information as I considered necessary. She consented to conceal me in the room where the safe stood. There was

a cupboard close by the safe, from which I could command a full view of the burglar's operations, and pounce upon him at the right moment. If only my information was to be relied upon, there was every chance of my capturing the famous burglar.

Soon after midnight, when the house was all quiet, I went to the pantry and got into the cupboard, locking myself in. There were two openings in the panel, through either of which I was able to command a full view of the room. My position was somewhat cramped, but the time soon passed away. My mind was principally occupied in wondering if I was really about to have a chance of distinguishing myself. Somehow, there was an air of unreality about the events of the evening which puzzled me. Suddenly I heard a sound which put me on the alert at once. It was nothing more than the creaking of a board or opening of a door would make in a quiet house; but it sounded intensified to my expectant ears. I drew myself up against the door of the cupboard and placed my eye to the opening in the panel. I had oiled the key of the door, and kept my fingers upon it, in readiness to spring upon the burglar at the proper moment. After what seemed some time I saw the gleam of light through the keyhole of the door opening into the pantry. Then it opened, and a man, carrying a small lantern, came gently into the room. At first, I could see nothing of his face; but when my eyes grew accustomed to the hazy light, I saw that I had been rightly informed, and that the burglar was indeed no other than the famous Light-toed Jim.

As I stood there watching him, I could not help admiring the cool fashion in which he went to work. He went over to the window and examined it. He tried the door of the cupboard in which I stood concealed. Then he locked the door of the pantry and turned his attention to the safe. He set his lamp on a chair before the lock and took from his pocket as neat and pretty a collection of tools as ever I saw. With these he went quietly and swiftly to work.

Light-toed Jim was a somewhat slimly-built fellow, with little muscular development about him, while I am a big man with plenty of bone and sinew. If matters had come to a fight between us I could have done what I pleased with him; but I knew that Jim would not chance a fight. Somewhere about him I felt sure there was a revolver, which he would use on the least provocation. My plan, therefore, was to wait until his back was bent over the lock of the safe, then to open the cupboard door noiselessly and fall bodily upon him, pinning him to the ground beneath me.

Before long the moment came. He was working steadily away at the lock, his whole attention concentrated on the job. The slight noise of his drill was sufficient to drown the faint click of the key in the cupboard door. I turned it quickly and tumbled right upon him, driving the tool out of his hands and tumbling him upon a heap at the foot of the safe. He uttered an exclamation of rage and astonishment as he went down, and immediately began to wriggle under me like an eel. As I kept him down with one hand, I tried to pull out the handcuffs with the other. This somewhat embarrassed me, and the

burglar profited by it to pull out a sharp knife. He had worked himself round on his back; and before I realised what he was after, he was hacking furiously at me with his keen dagger-like blade. Then I realised that we were going to have a fight for it, and prepared myself. He tried to run the knife into my side. I warded it off; but the blade caught the fleshy part of my left arm, and I felt a warm stream of blood spurt out. That maddened me, and I seized one of the steel drills lying near at hand and hit my man such a blow over the temples that he collapsed at once and lay as if dead. I put the handcuffs on him instantly, and, to make matters still more certain, I secured his ankles. Then I rose and looked at my arm. The knife had made a nasty gash, and the blood was flowing freely; but it was not serious; and when the housekeeper, who just then appeared on the scene, had bandaged it, I went out and secured the help of the policeman I first met in conveying Light-toed Jim to the office.

I felt a proud man when I made my report to the inspector.

'Light-toed Jim?' said he. 'What, James Bland? Nonsense, Parker.' But I took him to the cells, where Jim was being attended to by the doctor.

'You're right, Parker,' he said. 'That's the man. Well, this will be a fine thing for you.'

After a time, feeling a bit exhausted, I went home to try and get some sleep. The surgeon had attended to my arm, and told me it was but a superficial wound. It felt sore enough in spite of that.

I had no sooner reached my lodgings than I saw, sitting in my easy-chair, the strange man who had called upon me earlier in the evening. He rose to his feet when I entered. I stared at him in utter astonishment.

'Well, guv'nor,' said he, 'I see you've done it. You've got him square and fair, I reckon?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Ah!' he said with a sigh of complete satisfaction. 'Then I'm satisfied. Yes, I don't know as how there's aught more I could say. I reckon as how Light-toed Jim an' me is quits.'

I was determined to find out who this man was this time. 'Sit down,' I said. 'There's a question or two I must ask you. Just let me get my coat off and I'll talk to you.' I took my coat off and went over to the bed to lay it down. 'Now then,' I began, and looked round at him. I said no more, being literally struck dumb. The man was gone!

I began to feel uncomfortable. I ran hastily down-stairs, only to find the outer door locked and bolted, as I had left it a few minutes before. I went back, utterly nonplussed. For an hour I pondered the matter over, but could make neither head nor tail of it.

When I went down to the office next morning I was informed that the burglar wanted to see me. I went to his cell, where he was lying in bed with his head bandaged. I had hit him pretty hard as it turned out, and it was probable he would have to lie on the sick-list for some days. 'Well, guv'nor,' said he, 'you'd the best of me last night. You hit me rather hard that time.'

'I was sorry to have to do it, my man,' I

answered. 'You would have stabbed me if you could.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I should.—But, I say, guv'nor, come a bit closer; I want to ask you a question. How did you know I was on that little job last night? For, s'elp me, there wasn't a soul knew a breath about it but myself. I hadn't no pals, never talked to anybody about it, never thought aloud about it, as I knows on. How came you to spot it, guv'nor?'

There was no one else in the cell with us, and I thought I might find out something about my mysterious visitor of the night before. 'It was a pal of yours who gave me the information,' I said.

'Can't be, guv'nor. No use telling me that. I ain't no pals—leastways not in this job.'

'Did you ever know a man like this?' I described my visitor. As I proceeded, Light-toed Jim's face assumed an expression of real terror. Whatever colour there was in it faded away. I never saw a man look more thoroughly frightened. 'Yes, yes,' he said eagerly. 'In course I know who it is. Why, it's Barksea Bill, as I pal'd with at one time.—And what did he say, guv'nor—that he owed me a grudge? That we was quits at last? Right you are, 'cos he did owe me a grudge. I treated Bill very shabby—very shabby indeed, and he swore solemn he'd have his revenge. On'y, guv'nor, what you see wasn't Barksea Bill at all, but his ghost, 'cos Barksea Bill's been dead and buried this three year.'

I was naturally very much exercised in my mind over this weird development of the affair, and I used to think about it long after Light-toed Jim had once more retired to the seclusion of Portland. While he was in charge at Westford I tried more than once to worm some more information out of him about the defunct Barksea Bill, but with no success. He would say no more than that 'Bill was dead and buried this three year;' and with that I had to be content. Gradually I came to have a firm belief that I had indeed been visited by Barksea Bill's ghost, and I often told the story to brother-officers, and sometimes got well laughed at. That, however, mattered little to me; I felt sure that any man who had gone through the same experience would have had the same beliefs.

Of course I got my promotion, and was soon afterwards married. Things went well with me, and I was lifted from one step to another. In my secret mind I was always sure I owed my first rise to the burglar's ghost, and I should have continued to think so but for an incident which occurred just five years after my capture of Light-toed Jim.

I had occasion to travel to Sheffield from Westford, and had to change trains at Leeds. The carriage I stepped into was occupied by a solitary individual, who turned his face to me as I sat down. Though dressed in more respectable fashion, I immediately recognised the man who had visited me so mysteriously at my lodgings. My first feeling was one of fear, and I daresay my face showed it, for the man laughed.

'Hallo, guv'nor,' said he; 'I see you knew me as soon as you come in. You owes a deal to me, guv'nor; now, don't you, eh?'

'Look here, my man,' I said; 'I've been

taking you for a ghost these five years past. Now, just tell me how you got in and out of my room that night, will you ?

He laughed long and loud at that. 'A ghost ?' said he. 'Well, if that ain't a good un ! Why, easy enough, guv'nor. I was a-lodging for a day or two in the same house. It's easy enough, when you know how, to open a door very quiet and to slip out too.'

'But I followed you sharp and looked for you.'

'Ay, guv'nor ; but you looked *down*, and I had gone *up* ! You should ha' come up to the attics, and there you'd ha' found me.—So you took me for a ghost ? Well, I'm blowed.'

I told him what Light-toed Jim had said in the cell.

'Ay,' said he, 'I dessay, guv'nor. You see 'twas this way—it weren't Jim's fault as I wasn't dead. He tried to murder me, guv'nor, he did !—and left me a-lying for dead. So I ses to myself when I comes round that I'd pay him out sooner or later. But after that I quit the profession, Jim's nasty conduct havin' made me sick of it. So I went in for honest work at my old trade, which was draining and pipe-repairing. I was on a job o' that sort in Westford, near Miss Singleton's house, when I see Light-toed Jim. I had a hidea what he was up to, havin' heard o' the plate ; and I watches him one or two nights, and gets a notion 'ow he was going to work the job. Then, o' course, you being a officer and close at hand, I splits on him—and that's all.'

'But you had got the time and details correct ?'

'Why, o' course, guv'nor. I was an old hand—served many a year at Portland, I have, and I knew just how Jim would work it, after seeing his perlim'nary observations. But a ghost ! Ha, ha, ha—why, guv'nor, you must ha' been a werry green young officer in them days !'

Perhaps I was. At anyrate, I learnt a lesson from the ci-devant Barksea Bill—namely, that in searching a house it is always advisable to look up as well as down.

### THE DOMADOR.

PROBABLY there is no calling followed by man in which the element of danger to life and limb is more closely associated than in that of the Domador or horse-tamer of the South American Pampas ; and certainly there is none in which daring courage, resolute will, and cool nerve are more necessary. There is little in common between the craft of the English horsebreaker and that of the domador. The former may expatiate on the trouble and danger attending the breaking-in of a 'wild young colt ;' but after all, the colt springs from a line of more or less domesticated sires, and—according to modern theories—should be a more ductile and breakable animal than the wild descendant of a long line of untamed progenitors bred on the trackless plains of the South American continent.

The fearless daring of the swart domador—half Indian, half Spaniard—can only be thor-

oughly appreciated by those who have been eye-witnesses of the feats he performs in catching, mounting, riding, and taming a young horse of the Pampas. The means employed in trapping and selecting a particular animal are various. Sometimes the 'lasso' or the 'bolas' is used ; but more frequently a whole 'tropilla' is driven up from a distant 'potrero' or grazing-ground, to an extensive corral, with an entrance wide enough to admit the passage of only two or three animals at a time. Above this entrance, which is necessarily of great strength, a stout crossbeam is fixed at the height of from six to eight feet above the ground. On this the domador squats himself and waits, cool and prepared, while the herd of wild horses is driven up and urged into the enclosure. This alone requires nerve ; for the impetuosity and impact of a tropilla of from fifty to a hundred animals struggling in a mass together would seem sufficient of themselves to overturn the supports of the gates and trample them and the domador under foot. But a wholesome fear of the strange object crouched up above acts as a curb to regulate the struggling to pass the barriers.

Amidst this mass the quick eye of the domador soon singles out a horse suitable to his requirements, perhaps the finest and most vigorous of the whole tropilla. As the animal passes beneath the crossbeam—swift as a dart, unerring as the lasso—the domador drops upon his back and rides on with him into the spacious corral. The terrified brute plunges and rears and rushes madly here and there, rousing the whole herd into a state of excitement and fear. Once free of the danger of collision with the herd, which has fled to the farthest corner of the corral, the domador whips from his arm a large and coarse cloth, with which he promptly succeeds in blindfolding the captured horse, and then begins in a variety of ways to master the proud wild spirit beneath him. The horse will kick out in all directions, plunge and rear, whirl round and round, backwards and forwards, and even roll over and over ; but as well might he attempt to shake off his own mane as to rid himself of that terrible incubus, the domador. The latter, of course, takes care that the animal does not roll over him. He simply steps off and stands aside till the brute picks himself up again, only to find that the grip on his sides is there strong as ever. Blindfolded as he is, he cannot see his tormentor, although at times he manages to elude the latter's grasp and attempt flight ; but the ready lasso speedily arrests his mad course. As a rule, before the horse has had time to regain his feet the domador has contrived to slip into his mouth the cruel massive bit used all over the Platine countries.

The effects of this new instrument of torture are fearful. Maddened by the pain, quivering with rage and fear, the animal dashes away in any direction, forced by the cruel bit now to this side and now to that, until the domador at length succeeds in forcing him through the gates of the corral out on to the wide open camps. Then begins a mad race for liberty or the mastery of a noble spirit. At a speed to which terror, pain, and fury lend wings, horse and man thunder over

the ground, which seems literally to fly beneath their feet. Foam drops like flying scud on each side of the horse; his nostrils dilated and his eyeballs distended; mane and tail streaming on the wind which their speed creates; the tamer seated cool and grim, hand and eye alert, and every faculty bent upon overpowering the fierce beast he bestrides. Thus they pursue their wild flight for many leagues; and the domador knows that when the brute's mad rage is spent and his strength exhausted, he will slacken his headlong pace more and more, until he almost completely halts; and soon, breaking out into a fit of trembling, surrender for ever the savage freedom of his untamed state. The rest of his education is easy, and need not be told.

Amongst the many accidents to which the domador is peculiarly liable, none is of such frequent occurrence as a crushed leg or a broken knee-cap. Sometimes a horse in rushing from the corral will skim dangerously near to one of the gate-posts; and unless the domador be very active and smart, he is likely to be hurtled with all the brute's force against some projection. I once saw a domador caught in this way. His knee-cap was broken, yet he pluckily refused to give in until he had tamed the fierce animal he bestrode. But he was laid up for six months afterwards.

Occasionally it happens, too, that a horse of unusual mettle and fierceness will get hold of the bit, and then let the domador look out for his life! His means of controlling the animal are gone. All he can do is to keep his seat till the horse has run himself out. Provided the ground before them is clear, there is not much danger to be apprehended; but if, as oftentimes is the case, there is much broken ground, intercepted by burrows and holes of all kinds, the domador needs all his cunning and skill to avert the constantly recurring dangers. As a case in point, there occurs to my recollection the tragic end of a domador called Santiago, who, though an Irishman by extraction, had lived nearly all his life in the southern camps of Buenos Ayres, and had attained a wide renown as a skilful and courageous tamer. Though given occasionally to intemperate habits, Santiago could generally be relied on, and had successfully broken scores of horses without any more serious mishap than an occasional broken limb. One day, however, a few years ago, he mounted a horse 'wid the divil in 'im,' and this tameless brute managed to get the bit between his teeth and bolt with poor Santiago. No power on earth could control or turn him one way or another; he simply tore straight on at an infuriated speed which baffles description. It is rare indeed that a domador in such a situation loses his head. If the worse comes to the worst, he prefers to throw himself off the horse's back and risk breaking his neck that way rather than be thrown. But I fancy that Santiago must have been celebrating some *fiesta* that day with copious libations to the bacchanalian deities, and so become reckless. Not otherwise can I account for his total obliviousness to the frightful dangers that menaced him on all sides. The district through which he was being literally hurled is a wild and barren region of sandhills and ridges, which extends

along the South Atlantic coast from Mar del Plata to Necococha. Just at a point between these two places, called the Loberia, the cliffs or *barrancas* bordering the ocean are of great height, while on the summit there is—an oasis in a desert of sand—a very considerable stretch of comparatively level greensward. It was towards this fatal spot that Santiago and his fiery Bucephalus were approaching at a thundering pace through herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which they sent scampering in all directions. No human being was within sight, no human habitation anywhere for miles, no witness to behold the awful tragedy about to be enacted in the full glory of the summer sun. Indications discovered some time afterward pointed to the probability that, as they drew near to the edge of the fatal cliff, Santiago must have become suddenly apprised of the magnitude of his danger, and tried with all his power and cunning to make the animal swerve, even on the edge of the cliff; but to no purpose; and doubtless before even the thought of throwing himself to the ground had had time to filter through his muddled senses, horse and man were launched into space, sheer over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces on the rocky shore hundreds of feet below. Their mangled remains, discovered some days afterwards, partly devoured, were the only clue to the mystery of the fate that had befallen the poor domador.

#### OUR BRIDGE.

FRIENDS dwell asunder, but hearts are near;  
Love knows no distance, no there, no here;  
Invisible bridges connect souls still,  
And spirits cross them at Fancy's will.

The days of old wrought our magic chain;  
They weave it of memories, joy and pain;  
It lengthens, strengthens, as time goes by;  
New links are forging of smile or sigh.

The trackless ocean our Bridge can span;  
And mountain ranges too vast for man;  
The desert wild cannot break its spell,  
Which owns no limit, if hearts love well.

It bridges over the gulf of Death;  
Our dead ones breathe with our own warm breath;  
Our pulses beat with the same keen thrill;  
We see them, hear them, and hold them still.

In the changeless heaven our Bridge takes rise,  
Uniting earth with the far-off skies;  
Its lights are star-gleams from angels' eyes,  
Its echoes the voices of Paradise.

At times, when the night is still and clear,  
When earth seems distant, and heaven more near,  
Across the stillness there floats this song:  
'Hope ever, true hearts; be brave—be strong,  
For Time is brief, but Eternity long.'

HELENA HEATH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.